MISSISSIPPI RIVER PRARIS.

some of Great Value Discovered by the

Diggers of Mussel Shells.

LYNXVILLE, Wis., Jan. 5 .- In less than

as much as a rhinoceros resembles an elephant.

They are not fit to eat, they look raw, even when

beautiful mother-of-pearl linings of the shells,

from which buttons and hundreds of fancy articles

are made. A thousand men are engaged in this

new industry, most of them working on their own

hook, and they make from \$40 to \$125 a month,

The shells when dried are sold by the ton to the

local concerns that are known as button factories.

though they do not often make buttons. They

are in reality polishing shops and are fitted up

brushes, emery circles, &c., for smoothing

the interiors of the shells and grinding off the rough

outer covering. This material is shipped East

to factories where buttons are made, as well as

hundreds of other useful and, in many cases,

beautiful articles. Clam shells from the upper

reaches of the Mississippi River are turned into

shirt buttons, the big buttons, sometimes as big

as a silver dollar, that are used on women's cloaks.

cuif buttons, mother-of-pearl arabesques with

which brushes and combs are to be inlaid, backs

may be subjected, but much of it is exceedingly handsome and primarily as useful as any other form of mother-of-pearl. Opportunity to work in material of this sort has developed a good deal of art among the dwellers on the river's banks, and some of the household ornaments fashioned from the interiors of clam shells by Western men and women would not be out of place in drawing rooms. There is in the house of a Norwegian

cattle-raiser near Viroqua, Wis., a black walnut table, inlaid with these clambits, and it is a marvel of taste and delicate painstaking workmanship. It was done by a cobbler of Lynxville, a crookshouldered fellow named Faluzzi, commonly

IS YOUR CLOCK RIGHT? Some Observations Suggested by This Fre quently Repeated Query. "One of the things I have learned in the course of my experience" said the middle aged man, "is that people don't like to have you ask. 'Is your clock right?' This is a question that we put to ing to most of them. I have seen men resent it with a stare, though that would be something

with a vast number of steam driven wheels and

according to their facilities and application.

occasional pursuit into a science.

THOUGHT TRANSFEBRENCE.

W, T. STEAD GIVES HIS REASONS FOR BELIEVING IN IT. Thinks Its Development Will Be (Inc of the

Triumphs of the Coming Century-Prayer and the Transmission of Thought-A Form of Expertment Easy to Make. The closing century has enabled mankind to surmount many difficulties in the way of intercommunication which at the beginning of the century had appeared in surmountable. In fact, it may be said that the great triumph of the nine teenth century has been the subjection of time and space by the mind of man. The introduction of steam and later of electric transit has changed everything. It has been a record breaking century, both on land and sea. We already think nothing of express trains travelling at sixty miles an hour as their normel speed. Occasionally trains are run at eighty miles an hour and engineers speak confidently of a hundred miles an hour rate as a certainty of the coming century. On sea the progress has not been so rapid in comparison with the pro gress made on land; but it is still remarkable inough. The meaning of this is that, for the pur tose of human intercourse, the world is not a quarter as large as it was at the beginning of the century. Time and space have been not conquered, but compelled to abate the despotism which they have exercised without limit over all preceding generations of men. Even in the conwiyance of hunks of matter in its rudest form, the thought of men, embodied in the steam engine and the dynamo, has triumphed over obstacles which had baffled the ingenuity and the resource of the human race since time began.

If this had been the case in the domain of what may be called brute matter what much more signal triumphs have been achieved when thought was dealing with its own special domain! Here given necessary apparatus distance has been absolutely annihilated and man can speak with man without any regard to the old fatal harrier of distance. The first and almost familiar triumph of mind over distance was the destric telegraph. The telephone was the next great advance. The electric telegraph merely conveyed thought as expressed in sounding words. The telephone enabled us to mount sound upon the wire, and in apparent deflance of the laws by which sound waves travelled enabled the citizens of New York to carry on a similar conquest over time. Countless generates similar conquest over time. Countless generates in the stephone was the proper of the telephone has triumphed over distance to the telegraph may be said to represent a similar conquest over time. Countless generations mourning their dead have cried with vain longing to hear a sound of the voice that is still. But in drams alone or in those rare visions vouchs affect to the recipent to be quite controlled to the case of the voice that is still. But in drams alone or in those rare visions vouchs affect to the recipent to be quite controlled to the case of the voice that is still. But in drams alone or in those rare visions vouchs affect to the recipent to be quite controlled to the case of the voice that is still. But in drams alone or in those rare visions vouchs affect to the common inheritance of mankind. But these achievements, vast as they are, represent the common inheritance of mankind. But these achievements, vast as they are, represent by many of a new realm upon, the threshold of the dead whose bodies are in the dust have become the common inheritance of mankind. But these achievements, vast as they are, represent by many of a new realm upon, the threshold of the dead whose bodies are in the dust was the present of the pressure of external circumstances, an If this had been the case in the domain of what sent but the beginning of things, the conquest by man of a new realm upon the threshold of which he is standing, the laws of which he

A materialist, proud of the achievements and triumphs of the nineteenth century, points out that if he has conquered matter it has been by the aid of matter. It is by the adaptation of material instruments that he has been able to overcome material obstacles. Thought has indeed been communicated from continent to continent across supervening oceans, without regard to the obstacles of mountain rampart or desolate wilderness; but nothing has been done without sion more definitely, with some association about the Plutarch. It might however, and probably would be so slight as not to cause him to associate that with A, and at the end of the half hour bright however, and probably will down. Have sat for a dual to communicate with mind with the aid of telegraphic instruments, without any connecting wire. The marvel of wireless telegraphy a dozen years ago would have been scouted as a preposterous fable. To day it is one of the recognized agents of civilized intercourse. The materialist, however, exultantly remarks that even although the wire is abolished the telegraphic recorder at either end is indispensable, and that matter cannot be vanquished without the aid of matter, and although we may attenuate the sceptre. We can never dispense with its use. Hardly have we become accustomed to the marvel of wireless telegraphy, when we are told of a new and marvelous invention by which visitors to the Paris Exposition will be able to see by the aid of the telegraphy, when we are occurring at a distance of hundreds of miles. The precise nature of this invention has not been made public, but from the descriptions which the presence of the material instrument. The to see by the aid of the telelectroscope scenes which are occurring at a distance of hundreds of miles. The precise nature of this invention has not been made public; but from the descriptions which have appeared it is evident that it is to do for the eye what the telephone does for the ear. Combine the long-distance telephone and the telelectroscope, and there is no reason to doubt that in the twentieth century, it may be possible for millions of speciators in all quarters of the civilized world to watch over in their own homes the morement of the attack, to follow the fortunes of the defence, to see men drop from the fire line, and to hear the thunder of artillery or the crackle of small arms. If the telephone has removed the barriers which renders it impossible for human beings to be audible to each other, the telelectroscope makes this planet transparent as a crystal. The possibility of seeing through things, which our forestables used to believe was possessed only by supernatural beings, is now the possession of every one who is capable of using the Rontgens rays. Wireless telegraphy and the Rontgens rays opened the windows of a new world for the ordinary man. He begins to perceive possibilities before undreamt of, and things which he would formerly have dismissed as the fantasy of a discretard imagination, he now admits may almost more abound the search of using the Rontgens rays have dismissed as the fantasy of a discretard imagination, he now admits may be a distributed for a season of cach of us is something infinitely greater, more distributed by the descriptions which as to the many sided personality of our before before, how deviced as we have never the east of the many sided personality of und tealize as we have never the east of the many sided personality of und tealize as we have never the east of the many sided personality of our before the truth grows of the possibility as to the many sided personality of our before the truth grows of the possibility of our bedding was and multifatious as to th

the thunder of artitlery of the crackle of small arms. If the telephone has removed the barriers which renders it impossible for human beings to be audible to each other, the telelectroscope makes this planet transparent as a crystal. The possibility of seeing through things, which our forefathers used to believe was possessed only by supernatural beings, is now the possession of every one who is capable of using the Rontgens rays have opened the windows of a new world for the ordinary man. He begins to perceive possibilities before undream of, and things which he would formedly have dismissed as the fantasy of a disordered imagination, he now admits may quite possibly be within the pale of practical achievements. Hence it is that I no longer feel that speculations which have been familiar to me for years will be regarded as proof of incipient lunacy if they are set forth in print.

I therefore proceed to put forth briefly a statement of what has already been demonstrated as possible in a region of thought transference or, as it is usually called, telepathy, or the transmission of an idea from one mind to another, without spoken word or language or sign of any kind, has now taken its place as one of those facts the existence of which is denied by no honest investigator. No doubt the laws of telepathic transmission of thought from mind to mind are very obscure. Their operation is little understood, and even in the best subjects continually occur strange lapses and mistakes difficult to account for, perplexing and embarrassing but a thousand mistakes. A thous id miscarriages do not count for anything conpared with one success, and in the case of telepathy we have much more than the one success. The best way of illustrating this subject is to imagine a modern city, evacuated by all its inhabitants, on the approach of an army of men who have never heard of the telephone. The invading force would find telephone of an army of men who have never heard of the estrangers might happen to talk into a telephone that was sw

Muller of Bristol, who maintained for years vast orphanages, maintained them by prayer. He received millions in the course of a long lifetime. Muller of Bristol, who maintained for years vast orphanages, maintained them by prayer. He received millions in the course of a long lifetime. He refused ever to make any personal application to any man for money. When he wanted funds he prayed, and in the most extraordinary way money, in cash or in kind, came rolling in on him from all parts of the world. Those persons who sent money to George Muller used to bear witness to the fact that they did so under the influence of an impression being communicated to their minds when they were at prayer or asleep, and this impression would continue with a persistence which left them no peace until they had sent the money which was needed. In other words, George Muller's mind wave was switched on to those persons and the pressure of the continually impinging waves upon the brain of the charitable produced a steady flow of funds. Belief in prayer, then, in this case and in others, has been irreverently compared to ringing up the central telepathic exchange of the universe; and irreverently compared to ringing up the central telepathic exchange of the universe; and irreverently compared to ringing up the central telepathic exchange of the universe; and irreverently compared to ringing up the central telepathic exchange of the universe; and irreverently compared to ringing up the central telepathic exchange of the universe; and irreverently compared to ringing up the central telepathic exchange of the universe; and irreverently compared to ringing up the central telepathic exchange of the universe; and irreverently compared to ringing up the central telepathic exchange of the universe; and irreverently compared to ringing up the central telepathic proverse that could be coined by the devout.

Apart from the evidence supplied by answers to prayers great multitudes of experiments have been recorded by the Psychical Research Society, which prove that central individuals have a faculty of receiving almost at will messages from their friends. In a company of ten it is selfon tha

A will write down, have wined that be shown to be impressed with a desire to read Plutarch's 'Lives.' B will probably at first have a wandering mind, thinking aimlessly of this, that and the other, and trying continually to keep his thoughts in a state of expectant readiness, the not result of which will probably be that he will

net result of which will probably be that he will feel no impression at all.

After a quarter of an hour more or less strained disappointed and irritated expectancy, wondering whether any litful thought that was crossing his mind was due to the action of A's telepathic will in the other room, he will probably give it up take a book and begin to read. When he was turning over the pages, his thought would probably go backto A, and in all probability he would, receive an impression that A wished him to read something. This impression might be very slight, and might pass unnoticed but toward the end of the half hour he might get the impression more definitely, with some association about on more definitely, with some association about the Plutarch. It might, however, and probably

this wilderness of the desert of sin. The Ego of each of us is something infinitely greater, more marvellous, more multifarious in its methods of manifestation and its capacity for expression than we have hitherto imagined. It makes use of the body as a kind of temporary two-legged telephone, for the purpose of communicating at short range with the other entities using similar two-legged telephones; but its existence is no more confined to the use of that telephone that the existence of each of us is limited to the communications we pass across the telephonic wire. After a little time, this two-legged telephone will be switched, but the entity behind it will pass on to complete the circle of its experiences.

W. T. Stead.

in the standard as determined as to what I think childs of the first. Though transference of a first smally called the possible of the transference of a first small control of the experiment of the standard control of the experiment of the property of the existence of which is desired by no houses the existence of which is desired by no houses the existence of which is desired by no houses the existence of which is desired by no houses the existence of which is desired by no houses the existence of which is desired by no houses the existence of which is desired by no houses the existence of which is desired by no houses the existence of which is desired by no houses the existence of which is desired by no houses the existence of which is desired by no houses the existence of th

THE EXPERT TRAMP'S ART.

BEGGING APPEALS ADJUSTED TO TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

Changed to Suit the Season as Well as the Time of Day as Well as the Character of the Person Appealed To—The Tramp's Wardrobe—Sunday the Worst Day of All. Besides studying the persons of whom he begs and to whom he adapts his ghost stories as their different natures require, the tramp also has to keep in mind the time of the day, the state of the sapert tramp. The anatour blunders on regardless of these important details, and asks for things which have no relation with the time of the day, the season or the locality.

It is had form, for instance, to ask early in the morning for money to buy a glass of whiskey, and it is equally inopportune to request a contribution toward the purchase of a railway ticket late at night. The tensferious is apt to make both of these mistakes; the expert, mere. The steady patrons of beggars, and all old hands at the business have such, seldom recilize how completely adjusted to local conditions ghost stories are. They probably think that they have head the story twid to them time and again and in the same way, but if they observe carefully they will generally find that either in the modulation of the vice or the tone of expression, it is different on rainy days, for instance, from what it is when the sun shines. It takes a trained ear to discriminate, and espert beggars realize that much of their sides and they are artists in their way, and believe in art for art's sake. Then, too, it is possible that they are artists in their way, and believe in art for art's sake. Then, too, it is possible that they are artists in their way, and believe in art for art's sake. Then, too, it is possible that they are artists in their way, and believe in art for art's sake. Then, too, it is possible that they are artists in their way, and believe in art for art's sake. Then, too, it is possible that they will encounter somebody who will appreciate their takent, and this is also a gratification.

done in winter than in summer, and in the East and North than in the South and West, but some of the cleverest begging takes place in the warm months. It is comparatively easy to get some thing to eat and a bed in a lodging house when the thermometer stands ten degrees below zero. A man feels mean in refusing an appeal to his generosity at this time of the year. "I may be cold and hungry some day myself," he thinks, and he gives the beggar a dime or two.

In summer, on the other hand, the tramp has no freezing weather to help him out, and has to invent excuses. Even the story of no work is of little use in the summer. This is the season, as a rule when work is most plentiful, and when wages are highest, and the tramp knows it, and is aware that the public also understands this much of political economy. Nevertheless, he must live in summer as well as in winter, and he has to plan differently for both seasons.

The main difference between his summer and winter campaigns is that he generally travels in summer, taking in the small towns where people are less "on to him," and where there are all kinds of free "dosses" (places to sleep) in the shape of barns and empty homes. In November he returns to the cities again to get the benefit of the cold weather dodge or goes South to Florida, Louisiana and Texas. Probably 15,000 Eastern and Northern tramps

winter in the South every year. Their luck there seems to be entirely individual; some do well and others barely live. They are all glad, however, to return North in April and go over their old routes again.

An'amusing experience that I had not long agillustrates the different kind of tactics necessary in the tramp's summer campaign. So far as I know, he has never made use of the story that did me such good service. and that was told in all

a small village to look for lunch. It was such a diminutive place that it was decided that each man should pick out his particular heat, and confine his search to the few houses it contained. If some failed to get anything, those who were more successful were to bring back handouts. My heat was so sparsely settled that I hardly expected to get so much as a piece of bread, because the entire village was known to hate tramps, but an inspiration came to me as I was crossing the fields, and I got a set-down and a hand-out at the first house I visited.

The interview at the back door ran thus:

"Madam," she was rather a severe-looking woman, "I have exactly five cents in my pocket and I am awfully hungry. I know that you don't keep a boatding house, but I have come to you thinking that you will give me more for my nickel than the store-keeper will over in the village. I shall be obliged to you if you will help meout."

A look of surprise came into the woman's face. I was a new species to her, and I knew it, and she knew it.

"Don't know whether we've got anything you want," she said, as if I were a guest rather than a wayfarer.

"Anything will do, madam, anything," I replied, throwing into my words all the sincerity of which a hungry man is capable. She invited me into the dining room, and gave me a most satisfying meal. There were no conversational interruptions. I ate my meal in silence, and the woman watched me. The new species interested her.

Just as I was finishing she put some aandwiches, cake and pie into a newspaper. I had made good impressions.

"There," she said, as I was about to go. "You may need it."

I held out my nickel and thanked her. She blushed and put her hands behind her back.

"I don't keep a hotel," she said rather indignantly.

"But, madam, I want to pay you. I'm no beggat."

LIFE ON THE MUD FLATS.

ANTOINE'S SAD PAPERIENCE WITH PATREEK IA MURPHER."

Ended in a Fight After the Irishmen's Whiskey Had Done Its Work-Murphy Put Down as "No Parfic Gen'lman." DETROIT, Mich., Dec., 30.-The door of Baptiste Montie's saloon out on the mud flats has seldom admitted a more forlorg, used-up-appearing individual than Antoine Cicotte when he limped in the morning after Christmas Every muscle and tendon in his body that any strain could render stiff or lame had evidently undergone such strain. His clothes had received even more generous treatment than his body, and in addition his remains-for this undertaker's expression best describes his general appearance-were most emphatically distinguished by the keen savor of that emblem and token of the mud flat French-the muskrat. His presence was almost too savory for the educated noses of the old muskrat hunters that crowded the barroom.

"Ha, Antoine! Comment ca va? You lookin' ver' fine dees morn. Your wife been wheep carpet wit' you or you been fight wid king muserat an' git li'l chaw up? "Naw. I jus' been on li'l Christmas dinner down Alick Chassebois."

"Mon Dieu! You lookin' lak dey take you for goose an' fin' you li'l too tough."

"By gar, I feel ver' tough, too, all because why I 'low myself to descen' wit' somebody w'at ain' parfic' gen'ieman an' keep company wit' some man lak dat Ar'sb." W'ot Ar'sh you been wit' mak you look lak

"Sacre bleu! Dat same ole Ar'sh dat leeve or

Ecorse, Patreek La Murphee. I don' care who say, he aim no gen'leman an I don' 'sociate wit' heem 'gain ver' soon in my s'iety. You see it lak dees. Me an Alick Chassebois we las' week hunt ze muserat. Have very fine luck. Get t'ree-four dem ole saw-bill, couple dem li'l mud duck w'at Yankee call ze diver-to-hell an' bout seven ver' beeg mussrat. Me an' Alick we tak ze mussrat an' skeen him, stretch ze skeen on three years clam digging in the upper reaches of board an' trow ze body in pile wit ze ole sawthe Mississippi River has developed from an bill an' diver-to-hell. W'en we all t'roo we tink have nice l'il Christmas dinner. So we clean bivalves taken up resemble the salt water article t'ree muserat, shtuff wid onyan, an' put in jes l'il pickerel-oil, an' ols saw-bill fat an' bake ver' fine. Den we tak out an' by gar! Ciel! You some adventurous tenderfoot boils them, and know how he smell, mak' ze mout' wataire all they have a taste weirdly compounded of catfish on inside an' tear in ze eye lak you got good and musk. They are in reality mussels, and news from home. they are wanted not for their meat but for the

"Wal, jes we get heem on ze tabl'. Alick look out ze door an' he say 'Par-bleu! Here comes dat Ar'sh Patreek La Murphee. He got on one nice li'l' jag himsel' an' he got 'bout two more lil' jag in bot'l' w'at he carry in han'. By Gar! we convite heem in. We give li'l' dinner. he give us li'l' jag. Dat mak ver fine time.' So Patreek La Murphee he come in an' say: 'Par la jaber,' he lak a dinner firs' rate an' say we two ver fine w'at he call 'Les Spalpeens.' Den we eat li'l' while an' La Murphee he say dat if he didn' have li'l' jag he tink he didn' care so much 'bout eat ze muserat as he lak to eat dead crow w'at lie in ze sun 'bout two-tree week 'fore you cook heem, but w'en he got li'l

week fore you cook neem, but wen he got il' jag he say he lak de muserat jes same he lak everybody.
"Den he pass de two li'l' jag he got left in bot'l' an' me an' Allek we bot' get one of heem, and La Murphee get li'l' one more too, and den we all begin laugh an' taik ver' loud an' say ver' wirty ting an' sing gret many fine li'l' song, an' dat one bout:

'Ze win she blow f'om ze nort', sout', eas'

of pocket-knives, shirt studs, cheap scarf pins, Tree acre f'om ze shore."

"An' after we sing dat togedder all ver' fine den we begin talk li'l' poltick 'bout de Boerman Dutch, 'way off, good ways somewheres, how he shoot all at times de Ainglaish, an' den I get excite, an' my ole-time blood, w'at I get 'bout two hunnerd year 'go out of ole Quebec war, she all come on my head, an' I jump up an' hol' de bot'l', and' I tak' beeg dreens, an' I jan' I say: buckles, ear rings, bracelets and even finger rings. It requires close examination by an expert to tell this mother-of-pearl from the genuine South Sea article, and there is practically no difference in structure or appearance. Some of it is dull, and refuses to show the opaline tints, no matter what the amount of preparatory process to which it

"And after we share jett togedder all year from the property of the control of the property of

cattle-raiser near Viroqua, Wis, a black walnut table, iniaid with these clam bits, and its a marvel of taste and delicate painstaking workmanship. It was done by a cobbler of Lynxville, a crookshouldered fellow named Faluzzi, commonly called Fuzzy, and its owner would not take \$500 for it. The man put in the dod hours of one year inserting the tiny bits and got \$75 from his patron. The most picturesque feature of the industry is the constant looking for pearls. Thousands upon thousands of clams are opened and examined carefully for every fair pearl thatis discovered, yet a find of almost any sort is apt to pay searcher for his trouble. The pearls are common enough, but generally they are not larger than a mustard seed, and are valueless. Not infrequently, one is found that will fetch in its raw state from \$4 to \$10, and instances are many of even greater treasure troves. Almost every man who works at the business has a pearl of some sort carefully wrapped in cotton batting and stowed away, and he will pult his out when a stranger is around and make believe to polish it on his handkerchief and blow on it and put it away with an air of mystery. He will be found willing to sell it, if properly approached, but it is not often that he has any correct idea of its value. He is apt togo more by size than by lustre and color. For this reason the clammers are often victimized by purchasers sent into the district by lewelry firms of Chicago and St. Paul who have come to know that a bargain may sometimes be picked up at the base of the Mississippi Birs. The most valuable pearl taken from a clam shell on the Mississippi River was sold ulumately to a New York jeweller for \$3,500 and its believed now to be in a private collection. The man who found it, Antoine Perrilat, a woodchooper in the summer months, kept it secreted for some weeks, realizing that it was of great value, but having no approximate idea of its real worth. Finally, having gone to Muscatine, lowa, he met a man from a Chicago jewelly house who was prowling a

unusual; but, as a rule, most men think well of or less in their heart if they don't in word or "Doesn't every man think his own watch is a good timekeeper? He does. It may be a cheap watch that cost \$10, or \$5 or \$1, but he thinks it's a good one. All cheap watches are better nowadays than they used to be, but each man thinks he's got the still remarkable exceptional watch that really is a wonder. And the clock owner thinks the same of his clock. Whether it's in the jewelry store, the bakery or the butcher's, they all resent the question. 'Is your clock right? "The question implies in some vague indefinite way the idea of an assumption of superiority on the part of the questioner, for does it not suggest inferiority, at least on the part of the other man's clock? and no man likes it. My conclusion is that nobody should ask the question idly: not at all, in fact, unless something really depends upon it. But it it should be really a matter of importance for you to know, then you may ask and this time you'll find the question will not be resented."

Facts for Men

A Bad Varicocele.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., May 21st, 1898. Your painless and bloodless operation has entirely cured me of a very bad case of Varicocele with which I had been troubled for years. GORDON MULLEN, JR.

Hydroceie.

NEWTOWN, CONN., October 31st, 1898. The Hydrocele of the Spermatic Cord that you operated upon, without pain or cutting, has entirely disappeared. D. R. FRENCH.

Spermatorrhoea.

38 Chestnut Street, YORK, PA., September 24th, 1898. DEAR SIR:-The treatment which I have taken

MICHAEL DRAYER.

Stricture and Double Varicocele.

from you has entirely cured me of my suffering.

634 De Kalb Avenue, BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 20th, 1896. Your operations for the Stricture and the Varicocele were painless, bloodless and eminently successful. ROBERT BLAUVELT.

Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

153 Brownell Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., August 3rd, 1899. I am feeling good in every way; no more pains, no signs of a return of the matter and I am happy and feeling better now than I ever did in my life, thanks to your treatment. Have

Lectures Free and Sealed. A series of intensely interesting on Varicoccle, Lost Powers, Hydrocele, Kidney, Bladder and Prostatic Diseases, Nervous Exhaustion, Stone in the Bladder, Gravel, and all Urinary and Sexual Diseases will be mailed free and sealed by Dr. Kane's private secretary to any segment imprise. any earnest inquirer.

HOURS: 10-12 A. M. 2-4 P. M. 7-9 P. M. Sunday 1-5 P. M. DR. H. H. KANE, 138 W. 34th St., N. Y.

QUEER THINGS IN FOREIGN TRADE. Points as to Exports and Imports Gathered From the Latest Report. From the Washington Times.

abulated statistics of the foreign trade of the United States reveal many oddities and anomalies. A great nation's needs, as shown by the import list, are various and peculiar and the products which are sent abroad show that the outside world is no less whimsical than our selves in what it regards as the essentials and uxuries of life.

The report of the Bureau of Statistics covering the first month of the year 1899, is a complete epitome of everything sold and everything bought in the foreign trade of the United States in that period. In both exports and imports

OTTO SCHWINGEL.

to China, valued at \$9,000; to Japan, valued at \$11,000, and to the Philippines, valued at \$5,000.

American ladies get a large number of gloves from France, but it is a fact that the largest importations of gloves are from Germany. The total importations for the eleven months were \$5,750,000, of which \$2,300,000 came from Germany, and \$2,000,000 from France.

The importations of paper rags were of a value of \$2,400,000. The paper purchased abroad was valued at \$5,100,000. The paper purchased abroad was valued at \$5,100,000. The olive oil imported was 1,000,000 gallons, valued at \$1,000,000, and the cotton-seed oil exported was 43,400,000 gallons, valued at \$10,600,000. Perfumes and cosmetics imported were valued at \$500,000. There were exported \$300,000 worth of the same classes of articles.

Butter, milk and cheese valued at \$2,000,000 were imported. Four million pounds of cheese were brought from Italy, valued at \$500,000, and the importations from Switzerland were nearly the same. The exports of dairy products were valued at \$165,700,000. The Philippines bought butter from this country for the first time this year, taking 12,000 pounds. The Philippines sent to this country 50,000,000 pounds of low grade sugar, valued at \$900,000.

The United States imported 500,000 bushels of potatoes, valued at \$285,000. There were exported \$00,000 bushels, valued at \$600,000. The more than the exports. This country bought 700,000 bushels for \$460,000, and sold 160,000 bushels for \$130,000.

CAPT. PRICE TELLS A FISH STORT. It Related to a Day's Outing Which Frank Tilford Provided for Him.

which he was led to tell during a quiet spell in the business at the station house on Thirtieth just returned from seeing Frank Tilford feed the newsboys at Lyric Hall, a sight which impressed him very much. The ovation which the newsboys gave to Mr. Tilford also put the Captain in a reminiscent mood, which resulted in his telling an experience in which Mr. Tilford figured. "I've known Frank Tilford for twenty five years."

said the Captain, settling back in his chair, "and I want to say that a whiter gentleman never lived. But there's one thing I've got against him, and that happened nearly twenty-five years ago, while I was doing detective duty and used to hang around Mr. Tilford's grocery store. One day Tilford came up to me and wanted to know where was going for my vacation. I told him I hadn's

"Well, look here, Price,' he said 'why don's you go up at my lake at Kensico and try some fishing for black bass. You can catch 'em up there eight and ten pounds big, and you ought to get wagonload the way they're running. The lake's on my property, and you can have it all to yourself."

"Now, I'd done a little fishing," went on the Captain, "and when Tilford made this proposition my eyes fairly popped out of my head."

"By the way,' said Tilford, 'did you ever do any black bass fishing?"

"I rather prided myself on my skill as a fisher man, and although I hadn't tackled any black

any black bass fishing?

"I rather prided myself on my skill as a fisherman, and although I hadn't tackled any black bass. I told him I had, simply because I wasn't going to confess i hadn't. Tilford told me to go up any time, so I went around and organized a party. Tilford said I could take them all up with me. There was a jeweller, an undertaker, my partner and two or three others. We carried with us everything in the fishing line. Patent hooks and flies, and all kinds of reels. We fairly bought out a fishing tackle store and it tookabout haif a railroad car to hold us and our traps.

"When we got about half way up to White Plains the conductor came along and looked at us. He must have been on, because he asked us if we were." Gosh'he said, they're bringing strings of bass down from there, the biggest you ever saw. It's elegant fishing.

"Well, we looked at our lines and counted our baskets. We stayed over night at the hotel in White Plains and then we got a rig and hitched up for the lake. Every one seemed to know where we were goin. People kept hollerin' tous all along the road to bring 'em back a mess and leave a few in the lake and things like that. All of us had begun to see those black bass cooking in the fire before we got up to the lake.

"Mr. Tilford had his boatman there to meet us with his best boat and plenty of the finest bait. We told the boat man to let us have the boat and take a holiday, because we didn't need him. Well, we about swamped the boat with all the tackle we'd brought, but we managed to row over to some rocks across the lake and there we all got ashore, seated ourselves, threw out our brand new lines and waited. It seemed to me we waited longer than any tour I ever did on the sidewalk on a cold winter's night when six hours is as good as twelve. When lunch time came around I'd got a mud turtle and the others had not got anything. We are an elegant lunch, put up for us by Mr. Tilford, with their hoats loaded down with big black fellers that made our mouths water. When we got to the